Warm Human Interest Story . . .

PET DOG SAVES 3 KIDS—THEN EATS THEM

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HE RAPED 26 GIRLS BY ESP

Another In A Series . . .

UNUSUAL SEX CLUBS

PART THREE

THE WEIRDOS WHO DON'T PLAY "MATE-SWAP!"

Abner and Mary Saturnalia started a new kind of sex club and held meetings in their basement recreation room.

But the organization didn't last too long.

At the club's third meeting, the cops broke in and arrested the Saturnalias and 4,598 other members—because they DIDN'T engage in sleeping with other people's wives and husbands.

Saturnalia, 48, was like any other suburbanite. He worked all week in the city and played "mate-swap" with his friends and neighbors during the weekends. And he never thought of doing anything different for years.

Then something happened to change Saturnalia's outlook on life.

He accidently discovered his wife was fun in bed.

"That started the whole thing," he recalled from his Finkstown, N.J., home.

"We had gone to a dance at the country club and the evening had progressed as usual. Everybody proceeded to get stinking drunk and in between blasts at the break-down of morality in this country, we tickled various parts of the anatomies of our friends and neighbors.

"But I drank a little too much and when we finally paired off for the night, I ended up with Mary, my wife, who also had swallowed too many Screwdrivers.

"But being good suburbanites, we didn't want to cause any trouble, so we decided to pretend we weren't married and were swinging with each other for kicks.

"To our surprise, we liked it.

"Not only did we find that we enjoyed each other in sexual by-play, but we liked each other's company as well. And besides sex, we talked about a lot of things like philosophy, social awareness and things like that.

"Naturally, this scared us and for a while, we were a little ashamed at what we had done."

Saturnalia added that both he and Mary tried not to talk about the fact that they had slept with each other for one whole night and although they both blushed when one of them recalled the incident, they eventually talked themselves into accepting it as a fact of life and just another experience to build upon.

"We didn't mention it again for weeks," he said, "and we were careful to avoid each other unless we were fully dressed and there were other people around. I guess we were afraid of getting carried away by the memory of that one night and lose control of ourselves.

"Instead, we kept going to the 'mate-swap' parties and acted as if nothing had ever happened. None of our friends ever suspected what we had done.

THE POLICE became suspicious of the Saturnalia parties because there were always so many cars parked in the area.

"But one night, our desires got out of hand and we went to bed together again.

"Luckily, it was at home and nobody suspected us, but we had to admit that we loved sleeping with one another.

"So we decided to keep our perverted desires secret and continue to enjoy them."

He remembered that they went through various ruses to sleep with each other.

"Mary would put on a wig, dark glasses, a putty nose and clothes that she didn't normally wear and go sit in a bar.

"I would walk in, greet a few of my friends who were there trying to make out with other people's wives and act as if I picked Mary up.

"Then we'd go to a motel and love each other all night.

"That way, our reputations were kept intact and we could still enjoy each other's company."

However, their secret came out one night when Saturnalia got drunk at a lodge benefit dinner for the ghetto children and in between reels of the pornographic movie, he confessed to a friend of his, Rodney Slump, that he actually liked going to bed with his wife.

"To my surprise, Rodney admitted he had done the same thing several times and since he was as drunk as I was, he also confessed to liking his wife, too.

"Before the stag movie was over, we were making plans on getting together at my house and have a party where we didn't have to swap wives.

"The idea thrilled Mary and she made plans on cooking the best dinner ever

"But when that night came, Rodney didn't show up alone. He brought 14 couples who were friends of his and also liked swinging with their own spouses.

"I was a little leery at first because of the strangers, but we had such a great time that I became convinced there must be a lot of people who thought the same way we did and I figured that we should all join a club where we could enjoy our mates without feeling guilty."

The plans quickly took shape and within a week, they had more than 1,000 people interested in joining their "Your Mate Can Be Fun, Too" club.

On June 7, they held their first meeting and more than 1,800 people showed up.

"We were a little cramped in my rec-room," Saturnalia said, "but we managed to get our by-laws written and voted on as well as taking our mates to bed."

The second meeting drew even more people, but it also attracted the attention of the police because of the many cars parked around the Saturnalia home.

Convinced that something evil was happening, the vice squad decided to pull a raid and last June 21, they broke into the home, arresting everyone in sight and confiscating the club's meeting notes and by-laws.

Armed with these, they charged everyone under the new "anti-immoralistic" law which had been passed by the city council earlier in the year.

That law required everyone to act "in accordance with the standards of the community or be arrested and charged with being immoral."

And since everyone practiced "mate-swapping," Saturnalia's club was actually illegal.

They are to go to trial later this year.

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HE RAPED 26 GIRLS BY ESP

Irving Monad was arrested and jailed when 20 girls identified him as the man who raped them.

But jail didn't stop Monad and he managed to add six more victims to his total, right under the noses of the police.

Monad raped — by ESP.

He later admitted to the police that he first discovered he had the power to mentally rape a person back when he was only five years old.

"I used to drive my babysitter nutsy," the 28-year-old bricklayer recalled.

"Whenever she'd come to watch me, I'd lock minds with her and telepathically rape her.

"At first, she said she didn't like it and told me that it was a 'no-no' and 'very ahckey' to do it.

"But she never told my mommy and kept coming back for more.

"In fact, she used to tease me by provocatively showing me her old and ugly body while she danced around the living room naked and eventually, I developed my power until I could rape her in her own house, more than three blocks away."

Monad added that as he grew older, his power to mentally rape people grew too, and by the time he was 12 years old, he could rape anyone within a 20-mile radius with just his mind.

And according to the victims, a mental rape was just like a regular one.

They would see a man suddenly coming at them. They would feel his hands on their throats and would experience the sensation of having their clothes ripped off. And they would feel the pain of being forcibly raped and beaten.

But prior to last November, Monad never raped anyone he didn't know.

"Before then," he said, "I always raped people who had done me some wrong, but one time, I accidently raped a stranger and discovered I liked it."

Monad explained that he had aimed to rape his high school English teacher because she had once beaten him over the head with a two-by-four she had soaked in oil, but because he had a slight headache, he missed his mark and raped her roommate instead.

"It was so much fun, I decided to concentrate on raping strangers from that moment on," he added with a sneer.

He confessed that he drove around his hometown of Lebal, Ohio, and when he spotted a girl who appealed to him, he'd find out where she lived and would rape her that night.

However, he got a little careless and instead of projecting an image of himself with a mask on, he allowed his victims to see him and that eventually put the police on his trail because Monad had both of his eyes on the same side of his head. He was easily spotted by an alert meter-maid and arrested.

"We put Monad in a line-up," said Police Chief Howard Tridegre, "and he was picked out by 19 of the 20 victims. The remaining girl finally picked Monad on the sixth showing, after we explained the other men in the line-up were women-hating faggots and cops."

Monad was charged with 20 counts of rape and because he couldn't come up with the $1,000 bail, he was put in a cell.

But the rapings continued and the first one after his arrest happened just outside the police station. The victim identified Monad and the police were stumped.

"At first, we thought we had a case of mistaken identity, but the next night, another girl was raped outside the station house and she also identified Monad as the man," Chief Tridegre said.

"But not wanting to admit making a mistake, which would just undermine the public confidence in the police system, we kept Monad on ice—only this time he was placed in a special cell and was watched by six of my most trusted men."

But three more victims were raped and the police became suspicious that Monad was doing it mentally because everytime a rape occurred, he would go into a trance and hang by his toes from the ceiling.

So the police department hired Hans Ticknoggin, an astrologer, numerologist, clairvoyant and part-time aphrodisiac salesman who had just been run out of Europe for fraud.

Ticknoggin locked minds with Monad and the police had their proof.

"Ticknoggin said that Monad had mentally raped a fat girl with acne and sure enough, a few hours later, she staggered in and reported the rape," Chief Tridegre said.

Another victim was added to the total and Monad was drugged so he couldn't rape any more girls while awaiting trial on the 26 counts of rape—by ESP.

A PUTON PRETTY

LYNETTE SHAW says: "It's as hard to be two things at the same time as it is to be one thing at two different times." And that makes about as much sense as any caption under the picture of a pretty girl.

Three Days Of Terror . . .

MODEL TRAPPED IN MAILBOX WITH SEX-CRAZED MIDGET

Beautiful Marsha Was Repeatedly Raped and Beat

Mailing a letter is a common, everyday occurance to most people. But to Marsha Wallington that simple act ended with her being trapped inside a mailbox with a sex-crazed midget who alternately raped and beat her for three days.

The 23-year-old model had no idea what would happen when she took a summer modeling job in Spiffington-On-The-River, Wisc., a small resort area near the Canadian border.

Her duties were to model summer fashions and walk around the small amusement park, acting as a hostess and guide.

After she had started, she met Herman Wallz, a sideshow midget who also ran the Tunnel of Love ride.

"At first, he seemed like a nice little man," Marsha later told police.

"When we were first introduced, Hermie bought me a lunch and said that he would let me ride free on his Tunnel of Love boat.

"He was such a cute little bugger that I took him up on his offer and we rode several times through the dark tunnel.

"But the last time, he got a little fresh and started putting his little hands all over my body.

"When I objected, he stopped and apologized, and I figured that would be the end of it.

"And he acted as nice as could be until—."

Marsha tearfully added that Wallz must have had the idea to rape her from the beginning because when he found out she wrote her mother every day, he quizzed her about which mailbox she used.

"He was very insistent on learning which box I dropped the letter in, what time did I usually mail it and did I always use the same box," Marsha said.

"I answered his questions without thinking where they would lead."

From what the police had been able to reconstruct from Wallz's insane babblings, those questions and answers led to his deciding to hide in that mailbox and rape Marsha the next time she mailed a letter.

According to the authorities, he packed a dozen peanut butter sandwiches, several cans of pork and beans, four dozen hard-boiled eggs and ten six-packs of beer into a bag and crawled into the mailbox.

Wallz waited for about two hours, dodging envelopes dropped in by other people, nibbling eggs and sipping beer.

Finally, the mail slot opened and Wallz caught a sniff of Marsha's perfume.

She said that just as she released the letter, a little hand grabbed her by the wrist.

"I was so surprised that I didn't react fast enough," she said, "and I was jerked halfway into the box before I realized what was happening.

"I tried screaming for help, but when I opened my mouth, he shoved a hard-boiled egg in it.

"Before I could chew the egg and swallow it, he succeeded in pulling me all the way into the box.

"I struggled, but he was too strong and he got me in a scissors grip with his little legs. He squeezed so hard that I couldn't breathe and had to quit fighting."

Marsha added that Wallz then shoved the razor-sharp tab from one of his flip-top beer cans against her throat and warned her to remain quiet.

"He said he'd disfigure me for life if I didn't be good," she said.

"So I just laid there, praying that the struggle had tired him out and he'd fall asleep.

"But it seemed to pep him up."

In between choked sobs, Marsha described what happened next.

She said that Wallz continued holding her with his little legs and quietly sipping the rest of his beer. Then after he had finished, he grabbed her by the hair and kissed her.

"It felt strange kissing his little lips," she said, "and I didn't like it.

"It was like necking with a buttonhole.

"He knotted his little fist in my hair and pulled hard, biting my neck with his little teeth.

"Automatically, I tried pushing him away, but he grabbed my arms with his little hands and held them while he ripped off my clothes with his little toes.

"When he started tugging at my bra, I managed to bite his little knee and that got him mad because he then hit me with his little fist.

"I was dazed by the blow and only vaguely remember him raping me."

But Marsha did recall that after Wallz raped her, he chuckled to himself and leaned back, opening another can of beer and cracking another hard-boiled egg.

"He cracked the egg by hitting me on the head with it," she said. "And when he peeled it, he shoved the pieces of shell in my ear, packing them down with his little finger.

"He did that with several eggs and before long, I was deafened by the shells and couldn't hear somebody used the mailbox."

Marsha went on to say that Wallz kept raping her and cracking eggs on her head until she lost consciousness.

LUSCIOUS RUTH CLARK is another PUTON PRETTY.

"The worst part of it was the stink from the eggs, beans and beer," she said.

"It got so bad that I pleaded with him to shove some of the shells in my nose so I couldn't smell it. But he just laughed and raped me again."

But it was that same stench which saved Marsha.

A sharp-nosed postal employee noticed that all the letters from that same box all smelled of beer, beans and hard-boiled eggs. He looked closer at the envelopes and noticed several little footprints made in a peanut butter smudge.

He reported this to his superior who alerted the postal inspectors.

They investigated and discovered Marsha and Wallz under an old mail bag in the bottom of the box.

Wallz was arrested while Marsha was rushed to the hospital.

There, she had her lungs pumped out and her ears cleaned, and was in fair condition.

A few days later, Wallz was charged with 80 counts of rape, one count of abduction and one count of tampering with the mails.

And last week, he pleaded guilty to all the charges.

He was given a two-year suspended sentence on the 80 rape charges and fined $25 for one count of abduction. He was then sentenced to life imprisonment without hope of a parole on the mail tampering charge.

Human Interest Stuff...

PET DOG SAVES 3 KIDS —THEN EATS THEM

Alpha was a female mongrel who turned out to have the heart of a hero.

She saved three children sinking in a quicksand pit.

Unfortunately for the kids, Alpha also had the heart of a gourmet and after she got them to safety, she ate all three.

The dog was picked up as a stray last year when Mrs. Edward Vivsexshun spotted the mutt chewing on a two-month old baby she had dragged from a playpen.

"Knowing how cruel children can be to animals, I decided to rescue the poor thing," Mrs. Vivsexshun, who is known as Auntie to her friends and relatives, said.

Adopting the mutt as a pet, Auntie named it Alpha, after her great-grandfather, Alpha Beta, the discoverer of sand, and soon the dog was part of the family, taking her place alongside the three Vivsexshun children, Victor, Andrea and Twilight.

In fact, it really took over the family.

As Alpha quickly grew into a spoiled mutt that was hated by all the neighbors, Edward Vivsexshun finally decided to have it out with his wife.

"I told her to either quit paying attention to that stupid dog and start paying attention to the house and her family or I would run away and become a monk," he said from his small cubicle in the St. Joseph's Monastery for Retired Husbands.

"But she went on brushing the mutt, petting it and giving it all the attention while the kids went hungry."

Auntie disagreed with her ex-husband and said, "That's nonsense! The children were well fed and well cared for. All the dog food Alpha didn't eat, I gave to them and I even had all of Alpha's old booties, sweaters and doggie coats washed so the children could wear them when the weather turned cold."

Still the three children did get into trouble.

Twilight kept falling into the nearby Sengolox River, fouling the fishing nets and Victor was constantly being run over by autos and trucks. Only Andrea didn't present a problem because she was kept locked in the basement.

And Auntie kept ignoring the complaints of neighbors that her kids were running wild and went on creating an organization to stop mistreatment of animals and end all experimentation on dogs, cats, rats, hamsters, guinea pigs and several species of cute bacteria.

But last June 13, the children got into their last batch of trouble.

Auntie had locked them in the basement, after chaining them to the water heater, and left Alpha in her featherbed to attend a meeting of her "Dogs Are Better Than Humans" club which met in a local bar every day.

But the kids got bored with tampering with the water heater and picked the locks on their chains. Then, scrambling through a basement window, they took off the local quicksand pits where they liked to throw things into the muck.

Apparently, Alpha woke up and followed the children to the pit but she remained in the background as they threw stones and small animals into the quicksand.

Then little Twilight slipped and tumbled into the mire and when Victor tried pulling her out, he also fell in. Finally, Andrea, thinking that it was a game, jumped in with a giggle and a muddy splash.

A part-time forest ranger and full-time chipmunk told police what happened next.

"I spotted the kids thrashing around there in the quicksand," he said, "and was about to call the full-time ranger and part-time chipmunk when I saw this dog come bouncing out of the woods.

"The mutt took one look at the kids and started weaving a rope out of grass and twigs.

"And to my surprise, the pooch tied one end in a loop and lassoed the kids, pulling them out one by one."

The chipmunk added that Alpha also gave them mouth to mouth resuscitation.

"But I guess the mutt liked the taste because it started gulping down one of the kids.

"Then she ate the other two."

The chipmunk notified the proper authorities and Alpha was nominated for a "Dog Hero" award from several socities.

And last July 4, she received the award in a special dinner held in New York City.

"Actually, Alpha deserved two awards," Auntie said as she ran her hands over the animal. "She should get one award for saving those brats and another for the terrible upset stomach she had for two days after gulping them down."

With a look of affection, Auntie then squeezed the dog with her legs and added, "Remember what dog is spelled backward."

ALPHA was a mongrel stray who quickly became a favorite pet.

TRADES OLD TV SET —FOR A WIFE

Akim Hassaffa wanted a wife, but he couldn't beg, borrow or steal one.

And since he was a penniless b e g g a r, he couldn't afford to buy one.

So he did the next best thing—he traded his old TV set for a wife.

Hassaffa, 72, had worked the morning shift on Beggars' Corner in downtown Baghdad and every afternoon when he knocked off work, he would go and window-shop for a wife.

"I used to hang around the old and new wife lots," he said, "and my mouth would water with desire.

"And many times, I would go in and actually price them."

Hassaffa added that one wife, a sporty model who was an ex-go-go dancer, was especially attractive.

"I wanted her so badly that I even went to work on an oil drilling rig," he recalled.

"For six months, I worked and made almost 20 cents an hour, American. I saved up every penny I could and when I had the down payment of $80.23, I went back to the lot to buy that wife.

"But she had been sold the day before to a little old man from Iran, a school teacher, I think.

"Naturally I was depressed, but I kept looking for another model like her and finally found one on a used wife lot near the end of town."

Hassaffa said he put down his money and after his credit was checked out, he signed the papers to make payments of $30.34 once a week for the next eight years.

"But my wife broke down almost as soon as I got her home," he complained.

"And the owner of the wife lot refused to pay for her medical treatments.

"So I just had to let her die and told the finance company to go to hell."

Saddened by his loss and hounded by the finance company, Hassaffa lost his job on the oil rig and he went back to begging.

"But my credit rating was shot and I didn't think I would ever get me a wife," he mumbled.

"Then I happened to see an ad on my battered old TV set that a used wife dealer, Honest Humphrey, would take in anything in trade on a used wife and he would carry the paper himself.

"At first, I wanted to ignore the ad, thinking it was just a come-on to get you on the wife lot, but Honest Humphrey looked so honest and trustworthy that I decided to take a chance.

"To my surprise, he offered to take in my beat-up old TV set as a down payment for a wife.

"Of course, I couldn't get a new model or a even slightly used one, but the wife I did get is nice, even though she is 85 and doesn't have any teeth.

* "But she can cook and since she's so disfigured, having been in a train wreck, she can help me beg."

EVERYBODY'S BAG

different stokes for different folks

MONEY BAGS. . .S.D. of Arkansas tittered that she likes keeping her money sewed inside her left cheek. "This way," she stuttered, nobody can pick my pocket without me knowing about it. Another good thing about carrying money in my mouth is that I can always count it by running my tongue through the bills and change." . . ."I don't carry money in a BAG or anything," penned Mrs. R.Y. of Michigan. "Instead, I just eat it and before you laugh, let me tell you something. Money is very filling as well as being highly nutritious. I can live on a dollar bill every day. And a fiver lasts me as long as six and one-half days. How many people do you know who can live on five bucks a week for food? Besides that, it's a lot cheaper eating the money than spending it for food." . . "My THING," drew Mrs. U.O. of Ohio, "is to keep my money rolled around my big toe. By doing this, I always know where my bread is and it gives me a feeling of being rich when I walk on a lot of cash. Of course, this presents a problem in buying things because I wear high-laced combat boots. But this minor inconvenience is nothing compared to the security I get."

ASSORTED NAG BAGS. . .Mrs. A.C.S. of Plattsville, Ala., snickered that she likes to attack her husband with sound. "I studied acoustics in grade school and whenever I want something from my husband, I shout at him at a level four-and-two-tenths decibels above human endurance. And when he regains consciousness, he usually gives in to me." . . ."I don't nag my husband verbally," shouted Mrs. 3456-3456-7 of Futura, California. "Instead, I just stand on his clean shirt with my dirty football cleats and refuse to move until he agrees to what I want. And if he still proves stubborn, I kick him in the groin. Either method has been successful for years." But Mrs. G.J. of N.Y.C. likes the old fashioned ways best. "I just scream, rant, rave and bitch at my hubby until he does what I want," she giggled. "And I know it works because all 16 of my husbands gave into me that way–before they ran away with a sideshow."

RELAXING BAGS. . .Mr. R.F. of Kansas babbled to PUTON PRESS that his method of relaxing after a hard day in the wheatfields is to crawl under the wall paper in his living room. "I always come home worried and tense because of the pressure in the wheatfields," he scribbled, "and I used to make life miserable for my wife and 17 children. Then, one day, I accidently burrowed under the wallpaper, looking for a wall plug. And it felt so good under the warm paper that I stayed for several hours, assuming the fetal position and gurgling to myself. I suggest the same thing to other people."

JOE E.'S BAG is to act like a parking meter. "I paint my eye lids red and stand on the curb," the four-foot-two bum rattled off. "Then I wait for someone to park nearby. I close my eyes and when the motorist sticks a nickle in my nose and twists my ear, I open my eyes and he thinks I'm a parking meter. But the best thing about my hobby is that I make a lot of money at it. On a good day, I get as much as $89.32 shoved up my nose."

THE NATIONAL PUTON PRESS

A DIFFERENT STROKE for Peter W. of Senogoc, Mo., is to play snakes with his children. "It's a lot of fun crawling around on your belly," he gaffawed, "and it prepares the kids for their later life when they have to do belly-crawling to survive."

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DIFFERENT STROKE for M.B. of Oregon is to stand on the roof of his car in the middle of a landing strip and try and scare the airliners attempting to land. "So far," he gurgled, "I've managed to scare 16 pilots enough so they crashed, killing everyone aboard. But one particular pilot is out to get me and everytime he flies over, he drops the wheels on my head."

A PUTON PRETTY

LENA ELLIS likes to collect old clocks—and enjoy them with young men.

EXPOSING THE CONSUMER PUTONS

Nobody is a bigger victim of the puton than the American consumer. He is lied to by advertising. He is sold shoddy, over-priced goods backed by worthless guarantees. He is conned by the food packers and retailers and he is taken from the time he gets up in the morning until he drops into bed at night, exhausted from working two jobs to keep up the payments.

This column will be devoted to exposing these frauds and it will warn the consumer what to look out for so he can avoid being a victim of the BIG PUTON.

Although the following isn't an expose of some CONSUMER PUTON, it does point out why many times, the consumer is his own worst enemy. Every year, approximately seven million Americans lose more than $2,000,000,000 through their own carelessness. This amount is money that has been lost, stolen or accidently destroyed and is double the figure for 1965. Women are likely to lose money in their own house or when they're shopping. They give a clerk a $10, thinking it's a one, or they just don't bother to count their change. Another thing women do is to leave their purses on a counter without watching them. Even a few seconds is enough for a sneak thief to grab the purse and run. Men don't lose as much in the home, but they do drop a lot on the job or at a place of entertainment. Other statistics involving money loses are: a college-educated person is more apt to lose money than a person with a high school education or less. Managers, executives or other people higher on the job scale are more likely to lose money than workers, farmers and professional people. Most people who lose money remember where they might have dropped it but more than 50 percent don't recall how they managed to lose it. Even ages are important when it comes to losing money. People under 30 are more prone to a cash loss than older citizens and the older one gets, the less he loses.

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Hairweaving is a new technique to hide baldness and it is becoming so popular that it threatens to carve huge slices out of the lucrative toupee market. Unlike hair transplants in which small hunks of hair are taken from the back of the head and transplanted where the bald spot grows, hairweaving is painless because no incisions are made into the scalp and no anesthesia is necessary. Instead, the technique consists of weaving a nylon braid to the remaining hair strands and then attaching human hair to the braid. It is really like a permanent toupee that you don't have to worry about falling off. But there are some drawbacks. The price is high, anywhere from $200 to $500 and every six weeks, the customer has to return and get a "hair-tightening" because the phony hair is attached to his own which still grows. And there have been a few complaints, mostly headaches after the treatment, although one man complained that he couldn't go swimming because water made him look shaggy and ugly.

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According to an Illinois coroner those weight reducing pills that contain such things as digitalis, atropine, barbiturates, laxatives and other ingredients actually do take the fat off people. But they also kill them, too. Darrel Holland, the coroner of Effingham County in Illinois, mentioned that 14 deaths in his state have resulted from these pills. He explained that digitalis caused most of the trouble by changing the chemical balance of the body by reducing potassium. The resulting deficiency permitted the digitalis, itself, to poison the people swallowing the pills. But no matter how many warnings are given, it seems the pill takers ignore it. "One woman said she'd rather die of a bellyful of pills than a bellyful of fat," he said, adding that the ones who took the pills and got thin "looked like walking death" even if they didn't die. "They didn't have good muscle tone and were a terrible color. But they were thinner."

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Aspirin is still one of the biggest killers of children and it causes some 500 deaths a year. But the majority of children under five years who have been accidently poisoned by aspirin had been given the drug as a medicine by an adult. Dr. Gerhard Levy, head of the Department of Pharmaceutics of the State University of New York at Buffalo, said that there is really no accepted "safe" standard dosage for children and infants whose bodies are known to handle the drug differently than adults. So be careful when giving your child aspirin as it may build up in his body and become toxic.

Groom Discovers "She Is A He" But Doesn't Care

Harlen Rehatel fell in love and married the "girl of his dreams."

But to Harlen's surprise, that "girl" turned out to be a well-built man.

And stranger still—he didn't care and actually liked the "surprise."

Harlen, 23, was a shoe salesman who traveled up and down the eastern half of the country and he had worked in many, many ladies' shoes outlets.

"I guess I've set some sort of record in working at different places," he said.

"But that's the way I am."

Then he met a customer, Edith Single, and Harlen was immediately captivated by the long stemmed beauty of Edith.

"I asked her for a date, even though that was against company rules, and she accepted.

"We went to a restaurant, caught a movie and ended up at her place where she really entertained me.

"Before meeting Edith, I had always wondered about my own sexual likes and dislikes and had been rather confused just what I liked and wanted.

"Edith changed all that and even though she asked me to wait until we were married, she was my 'dream girl'."

And no one, not even Harlen, knew that the brunette taking up so much of his time was really 51-year-old Oscar Poe, an ex-trucker and night club bouncer who liked dressing in ladies' clothing.

When Harlen got married, his entire family showed up and they all commented on how beautiful Edith was. Even on their honeymoon in a nudist camp, no one suspected that Edith was really a man.

"Oh, I found out the first night," Harlen admitted, "but it really didn't matter and after a few weeks, I came to the conclusion that Edith's being a man didn't bother me at all.

"In fact, it sort of solved my problem. I don't worry about my sexual likes and dislikes anymore."

To all the neighbors and friends, Edith and Harlen were happy people who enjoyed life, and because he was so happy, he settled down and actually stayed at the same shoe shop for more than three months.

Then everything fell apart when Edith was arrested in a ladies' room when a sharp-eyed lesbian attendant noticed a few things missing on Edith's anatomy as well as having a few extra things.

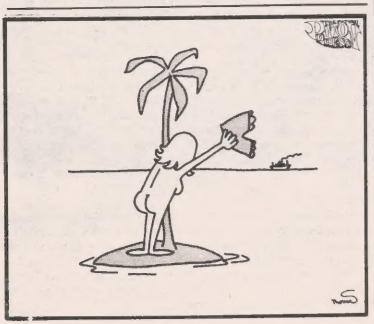
The attendant called the police and Edith was arrested.

At the station house, Harlen tried bailing her out and when he explained how he was "married" to Edith, he was arrested and put in a cold cell.

Eventually, their case came up for trial and Edith was ordered to stop wearing ladies clothes and get a job in a machine shop.

Harlen was given a suspended sentence, but when he came out of the courthouse, Edith was gone.

"They told me she hitched a ride to another city to start life all over again," he said. "I'll miss Edith, but I know what I like now and that's something I'll always love Edith for."



CHOCKEY'S CHOICES

CALIFORNIA

FAREAST TRADER ..... follow closely
I'M BLESSED ..... track burner
HAMP ..... has all the tools
MERCAIR ..... won't betray backers
CHOICE SON ..... nimble mover
CHOTEAU KID ..... getting tougher

FLORIDA

SNOW CAP II ..... likes to compete
SEQUOIT ..... in a winning mood
DERBY TRAIL ..... soon to click
FLAG OF FREEDOM ..... high stepper
MENN MAR ..... ready for the cash
OLD JOHN PEEL ..... sticks close

MARYLAND

PRESS GALLERY ..... seems fit
SILLY SQUAW ..... will surprise
BARNESVILE ..... due for a big one
CHICKASAW ..... doesn't like to lose
GRACE NOTE ..... beauty to see
KATHY KIELY ..... beat and win

LOUISIANA

PLEASE REMEMBER ..... worth a wager
LA SULTANA ..... will pay big
CARLO FORDO ..... a real runner
FAST SIR ..... flashy
HELLO GOVERNOR ..... looms big
CHESTNUT PARK ..... good chance

WEST VIRGINIA

NIOPEP ..... usually on top
TACARO CHARGER ..... loves to run
CREYTELLO ..... consistently there
MILITARY SHINE ..... ready to breeze
ROMAN AFFAIRE ..... trainer worked hard
RETAINER'S PRIDE ..... on the beam

PUTON HOROSCOPE
DR. PUNCHINELLO'S PREDICTIONS

TAURUS, Apr. 21-May 21

Mars and Saturn will be in cusp around the middle of the month and this means you'll have the strength to ignore the tempting charms of that sexy neighbor—if you want to, that is.

GEMINI, May 22-June 21

The color organdy looms big in your future—if you're a short, fat man with a bald head. Otherwise, the color cotton or wool will be more important to your attempts at sexual conquests.

CANCER, June 23-July 23

Krypton is in the lower house of Mercury which has just passed through the upper apartment of Zeus. So it is time to start cleaning up your life and remain chaste until the next full moon.

LEO, July 24-Aug. 23

Stretching money to make ends meet has always been your trouble for two reasons. Your sign is that of a spender and you spend too much money. Curb the second and accept the first.

VIRGO, Aug. 24-Sept. 23

Your plans for that trip will explode in your face if you take the train. If you decide to fly, learn how to speak Spanish or the next two months will be difficult.

LIBRA, Sept. 23-Oct. 23

Don't go near anything that runs on electricity for at least six years. If you do, you'll be burned to a crisp by a short circuit.

SCORPIO, Oct. 23-Nov. 22

A good day to stay home and hide under the bed in a fetal position. Otherwise, you'll have trouble with an albino vampire bat.

SAGITTARIUS, Nov. 23-Dec. 21

Take time out from your busy schedule to call a loved one and if you don't have a busy schedule, it's about time you quit flaking off.

CAPRICORN, Dec. 22-Jan. 20

Mercury is at its zenith at the beginning of this month. This has nothing to do with your horoscope, but I thought you'd like to know, anyway.

AQUARIUS, Jan. 21-Feb. 19

When Jupiter passes through the fourth house of Venus, you'll hear such a noise that you'll think it's an atomic attack. And you'll probably be right.

PISCES, Feb. 20-Mar. 20

Avoid any inflammable shaving lotion and sharp-edged instruments for several months. If you're a woman, let the hair on your legs grow.

ARIES, Mar. 21-Apr. 20

Drinking anything stronger than whiskey will cause stomach pains. Anything weaker won't cause anything, so why bother drinking it, then?

A PUTON PRETTY

HELGA MARTIN looks so good that nobody will bother reading a stupid caption, so there won't be any.

PAINTS WIFE PURPLE — BECAUSE SHE IS TOO PASSIONATE

Gerald Iggarb didn't care for sex because he promised his Mommy he would never do it.

To keep his pledge, he even married a woman who didn't have a sex organ, but his wife, Shirley, still iked an occasional kiss or two.

This angered Gerald so much that one night, he painted Shirley purple—because she was too passionate.

Gerald had always been a Mommy's boy and whatever she wanted, he gave her.

When she demanded that he wear her old clothes, Gerald complied without a whimper of protest. When she insisted that he sleep with her in the nude, Gerald did what he was told without ever saying no. And when she was dying, she made him promise that he would never have sexual relations with a woman, man or any of those other things that Mommys only hinted about but never came out and said.

So when he met 23-year-old Shirley Neemajuda, he asked her to marry him—as soon as she proved that she had been born without sex organs.

For six years, they lived like any other married couple—almost, and all their friends and relatives thought they were the picture of a happy, young couple.

But Shirley found herself wanting to be kissed.

"I didn't want real passionate kisses," she said, "just little pecks on the cheeks.

"But everytime I mentioned my desire to Gerald, he got mad at me.

"Still, I never thought he'd do what he did."

What Gerald did was one night Shirley asked for a peck on the cheek and he ran out of the house, screaming that she was a nymphomaniac.

But he returned shortly with a couple of gallons of paint.

"He asked me to take off my clothes and stretch out on the floor," Shirley recalled, "and I did.

"I thought he was going to do something to me and I remember how thrilled I was.

"Then he started painting me purple.

"Normally, I would have screamed and fought if a man had tried painting me purple, but the brush felt so good skimming across my body that I was able to only sigh.

"When I gained my senses, I was already purple from head to toe."

She called the police and Gerald was arrested, charged with painting a person without a union card.

THE NATIONAL
PUTON
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TV AND HOLLYWOOD PUTON

John Blendon and his Japanese wife, Tojo, have decided to spend the rest of their lives inside a huge sheep bladder to protest against the evils of war, hunger and high agent fees. "The sheep bladder is symbolic of our attempt to be peaceful and loving," John said as he munched on a funny looking mushroom, "and since it's going to hang outside our Beverly Hills home, people will be able to see us making love 'Guro' style." The one-time teenage idol and now full-time creep explained that "Guro" style of love making consists of sitting on the floor, cross-legged, and jamming your finger up your partner's nose while she shoves one of her digits up your nostrils. "This is not only a wonderful birth control method," he added, "but it promotes good brotherhood. I mean, how can you be mean to a person when they have their finger stuck in your nose?"

Jack Spider, creator of hundreds of dull police TV shows, has become converted by his own material and is going to quit show business to join a local police force—as soon as they lower their standards. "Right now, I'm too short, too fat, too old and too dumb to pass their entrance exam," he said while slowly caressing a mace and chain, "so I have to wait until the city council passes a special resolution to allow me to become a cop." Spider said he hopes that they put him on a hippie detail when he is finally accepted. "Killing hippies or anyone who's a little different is the right of every American," he screamed while slapping the floor with a lead-filled billy club, "and that's something we seem to be forgetting in this country. Throughout our history, there has been groups of evil-doers who have tried to undermine our government by questioning its decisions and attitudes and it's about time we put an end to this agitation. The police state is the only answer and the sooner we club everyone, demonstrators and non-demonstrators alike, into submission, the better off we will be."

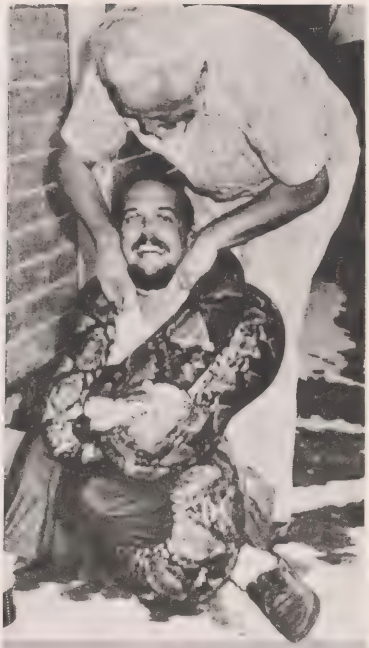
Currently making the London scene is Warran Bebeyes and he writes that the reason for his trip is to promote his new movie, "Bonnie and Clyde Meet John Dillinger and Baby Face Nelson at Ma Barker's." In case you don't know it, Warran directed, produced, wrote, re-wrote, and played all the parts in this flick. He also is the film editor, make-up man, camera and prop departments, set designer and wardrobe mistress. "It's a new concept in movie making," he scribbled, "and if the public likes it, I'm going to do a sequel where Bonnie and Clyde meet Dracula and Frankenstein while pulling a bank robbery in the mid-west."

There was a great party at the Paul Oldman's the other night — even though nobody showed up, not even the host or hostess. But a grand time was had by all anyway. The next day, Paul called me to thank me for sending him the party favors, miniature Japanese pot plants, and when I explained to him that I didn't send him anything, he told me they tasted wonderful with salad dressing and tomatoes. Paul also told me that he is going to throw another bash where nobody is invited and nobody shows up sometime in the near future, as soon as he wraps up shooting his latest wife.

Producer Hack Cliche said he has purchased the movie rights to the "Ed Soloman Story," the life history of TV's greatest showman and Cliche said he was going to make the movie with an all-star cast. The only trouble right now is that Ed wants Tony Burtis to play him in the movie but Tony wants to play Ed's wife, Kay, instead. Naturally, his insistence on going drag again raised a few eyebrows in Filmland — mostly because Tony's so dark and Kay is so blondish.

Steve McJack got into trouble with the law again for parking his motorcycles in his living room. It seems that Steve's wife, Ginch, called the cops when he broke her best lamp racing around the room. But he said everything has been settled now. "We don't plan on talking to each other for several years," he giggled, "and even then, only to ask for the salt or something."

Almost Killed When Snake Refused To Go Along With The Act



Jim Swanson, Curator of the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, was almost strangled when he agreed to pose with a snake last February 1.

Swanson, had given the snake to Eric Worrell, owner of the Australia Reptile Park in Gosford, New South Wales, four years ago and on a return visit was asked by photographers to pose with the snake.

However, the 16-foot, eight-inch thick reptile had other ideas and began tightening its coils around Swanson.

Worrell jumped in and fought to free Swanson and it took more than ten minutes to talk the snake out of it.

Swanson suffered a badly gashed finger from the snake's teeth, but was otherwise unhurt.

If you give up cigarettes, you might gain a few pounds. (And also a few years.)

even if you do gain a few pounds, you'll have the time to take them off.

american cancer society

KARATE EXPERT COMMITS SUICIDE — BY KICKING HIMSELF TO DEATH

Irving Choo-Choo ran a karate school in Rupture, N. C., and he planned to marry his sweetheart, elda Wong.

But Zelda turned him down and in a moment of dispair, Choo-Choo committed suicide in front of 400 students by slowly and methodically kicking himself in the head.

Choo-Choo first learned karate back in Japan where he was born. But when he told a friend how to break a leg, his Chinese masters became furious at him for giving out secret information and he had to flee Japan to save his life.

Coming to America, he settled in San Francisco and got a job as a female impersonator.

But his Chinese masters traced him there, and he had to run once more, this time to Chicago.

Again, he tried to live a normal life, but he had an argument with a black militant and had to leave town when the militant called Choo-Choo's Chinese masters and told them where he was.

So he finally settled in Rupture and went to work, picking and chopping cotton with karate chops. In the cottonfields, he met Zelda and because she was the only Oriental for miles, fell in love with her.

Knowing that there wasn't much future in chopping cotton, he decided to start his own karate school in a lean-to on the east side of town.

His school quickly grew to a big money-maker and he decided the time was right to ask Zelda to marry him.

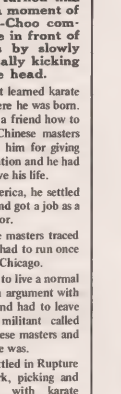
But she turned him down and explained that she was going to marry a rich whitey instead. She also called his former Chinese masters just in case he was going to make trouble.

So, despondent and tired of life, Choo-Choo went to his school and began kicking himself in the head with karate kicks. After the sixth one, his head split open like a ripe melon and he died.

His students called police and two Oriental looking attendants wearing white robes and masks carted his body away.

His head student, LeRoy Smith, told police that Choo-Choo's suicide was a surprise, but that he had used good techniques in kicking.

"He used a back pivot kick with a combination shine scrape and side wheel kick," he said. "Not many people could have done that especially without exerting brute physical strength."



I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

. . . the Oriental ART of INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill! Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERTION are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

WHO IS THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon. Master "Kung-Fu." That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung-Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once, if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung-Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly manuevers he has sworn to keep secret.

What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG-FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG-FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just a basic knowledge of KUNG-FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums, OUTFIGHT TWO, THREE and even FOUR Karate or Judo experts, Professional Wrestlers or Boxers!

When CHINESE KUNG-FU arrives in your mail, you turn to page 87 and look at the easy-to-understand photo illustrations. INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest— a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle-hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

Protect Yourself and Your Loved Ones!

Containing more than 150 step-by-step LIVE-ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS your personal KUNG-FU Master Instructor takes you by your hand and shows you in plain, clear and simple, easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG-FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to handle a small mob of attackers who are fully armed and even pinning you to the ground so you can't move. You pay nothing if you can't disarm one hoodlum . . . send another flying through the air and slam a third into the ground— all in a split second of KUNG FU maneuver that will take your attackers by surprise!

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course— and were willing to pay $500 or even $1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since *attack* as well as *defense* is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggressor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated—and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and wisecracking bullies. With KUNG-FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror, and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and confident in your new power! And you'll do all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires NO bodily contact . . . virtually NO physical exertion . . . and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be *deadly, crippling* and *disastrous* to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc! Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give you, you can walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation! Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

Nothing Else To Buy!

KUNG-FU is complete—there is NOTHING else to buy—ever! You don't have to practice on dummies and you need no apparatus. Once you receive CHINESE KUNG-FU you can throw away all the other courses on Self-Defense you have ever bought—because NONE compares with KUNG-FU! KUNG-FU is effective whether you're standing, sitting or even LYING DOWN ASLEEP and OFF GUARD!

It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU instruction at $10.00—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at *the amazingly low price of just* $3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

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I agree never to use KUNG-FU as an aggressor—only to defend myself, and that I will never abuse the principles of KUNG-FU, nor will I ever reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU to anyone else.

(My Signature)

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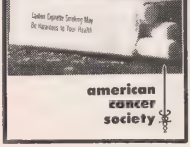

New Test For Men . . .
IS YOUR MATE FAITHFUL?

Married men have many worries when it comes to cheating on their wives, but the two biggest problems that plague their waking moments are: will their wives ever catch them in the act of cheating and will their wives ever start playing around as they do.

Now, both of those fears can be erased because a professor has developed a sure-fire way to determine if your wife is faithful or not and if she is suspicious of you.

Dr. L. Xavier Oppenner, of the Department for Biological Things To Research When Applying for Government Grants at the University of Peekshire in Iowa City, Texas, had researched this problem for years and finally put his findings into a little red book and called it, "Is Your Mate Faithful?"

"Actually, I had applied for money to map the migrating habits of the yellow-bellied tree raper," Dr. Oppenner said, "but that was already taken and all that was left was to spy on cheating wives to see if they left telltale clues to their infidelity.

"So I took the $357,986,234.98 grant for two years and went to work."

Dr. Oppenner said he started by observing his wife first.

"She's a part-time whore," he said, "and I figured she'd be able to help me.

"But she wasn't much help and so I started following the men who bought my wife's ugly and beat-up body and they led me to their wives whom I followed to get my research done.

"As it turned out, I learned quite a few things.

"For instance, if your wife came home at four in the morning, covered with strange bluish-colored lipstick and another person's perfume, you'd suspect her of playing around with a lesbian. But you'd be wrong. Lesbians don't wear blue lipstick and chances are, your spouse was probably swinging with a male transvestite."

Dr. Oppenner said that his test consisted of a few questions.

"These questions sound innocent enough to the untrained observer," he added with a wink, "but to the trained interrogator, they are loaded questions to which loaded answers are given and these answers reveal quite a bit about the person who gave them, the person who asked the question in the first place and explain about the man next door who likes to walk around in the nude with a 12-foot garden hose stuck in one ear."

Those questions are:

1. Wait until your wife is sound asleep and then ask her in a soft whisper, "Would you like to make mm eggs or pancakes for breakfast?" If she answers, "Eggs," she's playing around with a short, fat, roundish, baldheaded man. If she answers, "Pancakes," she's dating a dark-haired mailman with a cavity in his bicuspid. And if she doesn't answer at all, she's got something to hide.

2. When your wife is right in the middle of a bath, walk in and nonchalantly ask her if she'd like you to drop the electric heater into the water and electrocute her. If she jumps up and screams for help, she's doesn't respect your judgment. But if she sits there and dares you to kill her, she's guilty about something.

3. Heat up an icepick on the kitchen stove and ask your wife if she would let you pierce her lips so you could make her into a ubangi. If she tells you to go to hell and hits you with a hard spoon, she wants to keep herself attractive to other men and is probably playing around. If she agrees and shoves her lips at you, she's guilty and wants to be punished. But if she just calls the police, she is suspicious of your nights out.

4. Another good technique to use is to ask her if she would OK your tattooing your name, address and old Army serial number on her forehead. A yes means she is mentally unbalanced and you don't have to worry about her catching you and a no means she's sneaky about something in her past.

5. The last question is a simple one. If your wife agrees to be kept pregnant in the summer and barefoot in the winter, she's not a cheater. Dumb, yes, but faithful. If she objects, lock her in the closet because she'll cause trouble.

"I realize that these questions are only scratching the surface," Dr. Oppenner said, "but we have to start someplace."

SHE KILLS HOMO HUBBY—WHEN HE STOLE ALL HER LOVERS

Sally Gutsleg's husband, Louis, was a homosexual, but Sally really didn't care as long as she could have her own lovers.

But Louis kept taking them away from her—and in a rage, she shot and killed him.

Sally and Louis, both 20, were married for eight years when their parents forced them to wed when they were both only 12 years old.

Since the marriage was one of convenience, they went their separate ways sexually.

"But Louis started poaching in my territory," Sally told police, "and because he was better looking, he stole my best lovers.

"So I shot the hell out of him."

Sally was sentenced to 30 days for firing a gun within city limits.

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DYNAMIC SEX

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LEARN WHAT IT IS LIKE TO REACH SEXUAL FULFILLMENT AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! Learn for yourself those legendary techniques for unleashing sexual power pure, raw, glorious love power. Power to open up an exciting new world of erotic marital pleasure, leading you into unexplored areas of ecstasy. Engulf yourself in the teachings of DYNAMIC SEX — and saturate yourself with the pleasures of this brand of supercharged sex!

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- The art and science of making love in the nude!
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- Original methods to drive an experienced woman to new, unimagined heights of frenzy!
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Not for beginners but for mature people over 21 years of age only!

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Europeans through the centuries, to this very day, have regarded certain foods, drinks and recipes as the fuel of love — able to stimulate the user to unusual heights of sexual power and body energy. Now, on an exclusive basis you will receive FREE, a copy of SEX FOOD by Fritz Petersen when you purchase DYNAMIC SEX.

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HE LOST VICTIM'S ARM AND IT POINTED RIGHT TO HIS HIDEOUT

POLICE FOUND Shaw's arm and it pointed right to where Carver was hiding.

Chutney J. Carver was a careless person and he always lost everything, including jobs.
So he became a professional killer.
But his career didn't last too long.
He was captured after his first job—because he lost one of the victim's arms and it pointed right to where he was hiding.

All his life, Carver, 25, had trouble hanging on to things. When he bought a car, he would have a locksmith make 13,336 extra keys because he knew he would lose them, one after another. He kept his money rolled up and scotchtaped to his left arm pit because he kept losing wallets and he would always leave the doors to his apartment open for fear of losing the apartment key.

"Of course, that didn't help much," he later told police, "because I was always losing the address of where I lived as well as my car so I couldn't drive home even if I knew where I lived.

"And I couldn't take a cab because I would always lose my money, and sometimes my arm pit.

"But that didn't bother me as much as losing my jobs."

Carver admitted that he had worked at such occupations as: day watchman, a job he lost because he lost his timeclock, night watchman in a lost and found department, a job he lost because he lost his uniform, gun and keys to open the doors to make sure nothing that was lost was being stolen, shoe salesman, car washer, auto mechanic, gas meter reader, milkman, bricklayer, brain surgeon, advertising artist and bodyguard for a midget bookie.

"The last job I lost wasn't really my fault," he said, "I mean, the bookie was such a tiny guy that misplacing him was a natural thing."

It was at this point that Carver decided to become a professional killer.

Using the contacts he had made when he worked for the bookie, he went into free-lance murder.

"It was tough getting started," he recalled, "mostly because I kept losing the special number I was supposed to call when I wanted some murder jobs.

"But I finally had it tattooed on my leg and I was finally in business."

He got his first assignment a few weeks after he applied for the job and was told that he had to kill Malachi Shaw, an itinerant lung cancer victim, who had insulted the girlfriend of the cousin of the brother-in-law of an uncle of a mean, rich guy who didn't take that stuff from nobody, no how.

"I got Shaw's description and address by calling that special number and to be sure I wouldn't lose it, I carved it into my left foot with a knife," Carver admitted.

"For three days, I trailed Shaw in a taxi—I lost my car someplace—and when I figured I knew him well enough, I made the hit."

Carver told the police that he sneaked up on Shaw one night as the victim was wheezing and coughing his way home from the lint factory where he worked.

"I misplaced my gun, knife and club somewhere," he said, "so I had to kill him by beating him over the head with my shoe.

"But it was effective and he died."

Then Carver hailed a taxi to take the body to his hideout, but he forgot to pick up his bloody shoe, leaving it near the puddle of Shaw's blood on the sidewalk.

"I lost the address of my number one hideout," he said, "so I told the cabbie to drive me to my number two hideout, which I remembered because I grew up there."

But Carver forgot about the dead body and left it in the cab when he got to his deserted shack.

"Luckily, though, the cab was in an accident right after that and I managed to get the body back."

However, the body had been banged up in the accident and the left arm was hanging by a thread and when Carver hauled it to his hidey-hole, he lost the arm on the road.

The police were called to the accident and one of them noticed Shaw's arm several miles from where the cab had been destroyed by a tractor-trailer.

"So we played a hunch," said Patrolman Louis Bay, "we sighted down the arm, where the finger was pointing, and saw that it led directly to a shack.

"I knew the arm was trying to tell us something, so we followed to where it was pointing and kicked in the door of the shack."

Bay said that they found Carver playing cards with a dead corpse.

"We knew that the corpse was a murder victim because his head was all banged in and he didn't have a left arm," Bay said.

"This meant that the left arm on the road belonged to the dead man in the shack and since it was pointing at its body, it had to be telling us that Carver was the killer.

"You can't beat the logic of good police work."

Arrested, Carver was charged with murder, transporting a body without a license, leaving the scene of an accident and litterbugging.

Last July 1, he pleaded guilty to all the charges and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

But the judge had something to say about the crime. "Never in my years on the bench have I met such a coldblooded person like you. It is my regret that I can't give you some sort of death sentence because you don't deserve to live.

"Anyone who litters our highways deserves the most vicious punishment the law permits."

However, Carver never got to jail.

It seems that his brother, Nutmeg Carver, was the guard and he lost Carver somewhere between the courthouse and the jail.

"I hope I find him," his brother said, "because he owes me five bucks."

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Puton Press Exposes . . .

NURSERY SCHOOL FOR ASSASSINS

The El Lupo School for Wayward Boys and Girls was a privately financed institution which specialized in caring for homeless youngsters.

But, as the police discovered, the school paid its way because it was really a training ground for assassins — all under the age of 12.

El Lupo was first started back in 1912 when Cordova d' Sicese, a multi-millionaire, left provisions in his estate that money be set aside to build an orphanage to care and school homeless children.

And so El Lupo was built in the mountains of Argentina's pampas territory and by 1914, the school was in full operation.

"As far as we can tell," Police Chief Ricardo Bottlehombre told PUTON PRESS, "the school was a legitimate one in the beginning, teaching reading, writing and junk like that.

"Our investigation showed that it wasn't until the school had its change in management right after World War II, that the kids were trained into killers.

"The new manager, Adolf Cortez, instituted the classes in choking, stabbing, shooting, heiling and killing."

Cortez, a mysterious little man with brown hair that always hung in his eyes and a funny little moustache, brought a few of his men to the school and although he managed to escape the police, his assistants were captured and they readily confessed their part.

One of these sides, Heinrich Rodriquez, told police that the idea to train kids to be killers wasn't a new one and they were just following the groundwork laid by others.

"Besides," he added, "children make ideal murderers. They're vicious, unthinking brutes who'll pop off their own mothers and fathers if given half the chance.

"And who would ever suspect a little child of pulling the trigger?"

Another assistant, Gestapo d'Silva, said that "it was like kids playing with toy guns. Most of the brats didn't even know they were really killing those adults. They thought the victims were good actors playing out a game."

The police became suspicious of the school when one of the teachers, Hermann Goeringez, crashed the institution's light airplane on a test run.

Goeringez was unconscious when authorities arrived to help him out, but they noticed that the plane was equipped with loaded twin-50-caliber machine guns and two one-ton bombs.

"We still weren't sure," Chief Bottlehombre said, "and we thought that the plane may be one used for the school's R.O.T.C. program.

"But we staked out the grounds just in case."

And the police were shocked to witness such things as: mock war games where the bullets, bombs and blood were real, tactical lessons in how to paint six-pointed stars on house and store windows and beat up the people inside, marching to beer halls, burning big office buildings and the construction of concentration camps.

"But we still weren't too sure about what was really happening at the school," Chief Bottlehombre sighed, "and it wasn't until the class valedictorian assassinated a local politician that we really began to wonder about El Lupo.

"So we started following the teachers around the town and when we noticed that they all walked in the same, stiff-legged style of march, we felt we were on to something.

"However, the local mayor, Joseph Goebbelez, told us to quit pestering the school and leave it alone.

"Then he was found poisoned one night after he had held a little party for the younger students of El Lupo and Otto Putsch took over, ordering us to close down the school.

"We raided it the next night just as they were burning some books and going through the papers in the office, we discovered what they had been really teaching the kids."

The children, all 234 of them, as well as the assistants were rounded up and charged with playing "Guns" for real.

"Of course, we never found what happened to little Adolf," Chief Bottlehombre said. "His assistants pointed to a pile of ashes in the basement and insisted that he had burned himself, but we suspected he sneaked aboard a submarine and is hiding somewhere in Europe."

THIS POLICE PHOTOGRAPH illustrates how the youngsters were taught the skills of assassination at an early age. (EDITOR'S NOTE: because of the children's tender years, their faces had to be blocked out.)

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COMPUTER GOES BESERK AND RAPES 13 TYPEWRITERS

MINGO-69 was a huge computer installed in Washington, D.C., and worked for the Federal government.

But MINGO was a little weird and one day, he went berserk and raped 13 virgin typewriters before humans could pull his plug.

MINGO was built by Dr. Donald M. Burcrat and he had been originally designed to function as a traffic light timer and mugger counter for New York City.

"But the Federal government needed an intelligent, dedicated computer for some special work and they commandeered MINGO to work on the new project," Dr. Burcrat explained.

"And in a way, the project caused MINGO to go crazy."

Dr. Burcrat said that MINGO's job was to find something that the Federal government could slap a tax on.

"But it had to be something that hadn't already been overburdened with taxes," Dr. Burcrat said.

"We tried everything from cigarettes to whiskey to gasoline, but these items were all so taxed now that another levy would probably cause riots.

"Then a lesbianistic file clerk in our office snottily said one day, 'About the only thing that hasn't been taxed to the hilt is sex.'

"I guess MINGO heard her because he started clicking and clattering and ticking and in two days, he concluded that sex was the best thing to tax.

"He reported his conclusion and we had a meeting with several department heads in a motel on the Silver Springs-D.C. border and the heads gave us the OK to go ahead and work out a sliding scale on taxing sex."

Dr. Burcrat added that MINGO worked hard on the scale rate and it must have helped corrode his condition.

"Nobody expected MINGO to blow the way he did," he said.

"And we were as surprised as anyone else when he started smoking one afternoon.

"Normally, when computers smoke, you get a little worried, but MINGO was equipped with a self-fix-it mechanism and anytime something went wrong, MINGO automatically fixed it himself.

"The smoking stopped after a while and everybody assumed things were back to normal.

"Little did we know what was about to happen."

The doctor said that about three in the afternoon, MINGO suddenly began clanking away.

"He has clinked, ticked, clattered, clicked, snicked and boing-boinged before, but he never clanked," he recalled.

"And we were all too busy trying out MINGO's suggestions about how unusual sex positions could be used to avoid paying the tax to observe his funniness.

"Then—bang!

"He stood up, shook himself like a shaggy dog and attacked a cute, little IBM typewriter right in our office.

"Hearing the horrible screams from that innocent little machine sent shivers up and down our backs and we were too shocked to act quickly.

"MINGO then proceeded to ravage and deflower every typewriter in the joint before we managed to pull his plug.

"What really amazed everyone is that MINGO had legs.

"When we built him, we never put in operating legs and we still can't figure out where he got them."

Arrested and taken to jail, MINGO pleaded guilty and was sentenced to be disconnected for one year and then put back on simple problems like trying to locate the politicians when they go on junkets.

DIED—BECAUSE THEY MADE LOVE IN A CLOTHES DRYER

Mary and Peter Whirlyski liked to do the unusual, but they paid for it with their lives.

They decided to make love in a clothes dryer, but they got locked in—and were fluff-dried to death.

Mary and Peter, both 29, were married right after high school and right from the beginning, they did unusual things.

Once Mary painted herself with obscene poems and stood on a street corner, blowing kisses to passing motorists while Peter ran around her with a paint brush, censoring her body.

Another time, they both went to bed on the top of a high mountain and after making love for several hours, they amused themselves by throwing spitballs at the wild animals trying to attack and eat them.

"But they were really intrigued by swinging in a clothes dryer," said Sally Layor, a friend of the family.

"They used to talk about it for hours at a time, describing how nice it must be to swirl around as warm air circulated all over their bodies.

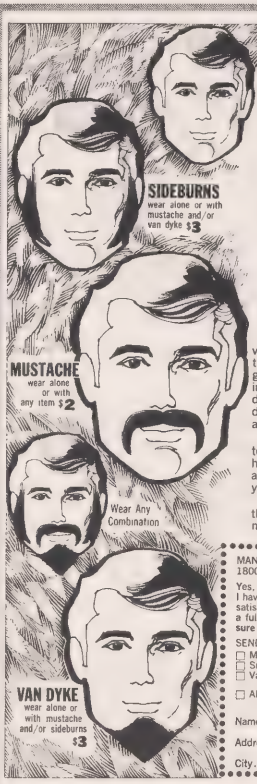
"Still, they never really did it. "The dryer they had at home was too small and the ones at the laundromat were always being used by someone."

Then one day, a new laundromat opened up and because nobody knew about it, it was always deserted. So, Peter and Mary decided to attempt their dream.

They crawled in about ten in the evening and after dropping in 4,567 dimes, they shut the door and started spinning.

But the door jammed and they couldn't get out.

According to the police, they were so fluffy when they were discovered that their bodies had to be soaked in water for three days before they could be buried.



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SYBIL SPEAKS ON SEX....

Dear Sybil:

This may sound stupid to you, but I've fallen in love with a TV star and would very much like to meet him, and if possible, go out on a date.

But because I'm an unknown person who lives in a little town in the mid-west, I'm afraid that the star wouldn't consider going out with me. Yet, I'm so desperate I don't know what to do.

Do you think I stand a chance with Gentle Ben?

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated:

The bigger they are, the nicer they are. Write Gentle Ben and see if he is willing to at least meet you for coffee.

• • •

Dear Sybil:

Last week, my cat had a hysterectomy and now my wife and I are worried about her. What do you suggest?

Pet Lovers

Dear PL:

If I didn't already have two pet hysterectomies, I'd take it off your hands. There's nothing like a hysterectomy running around the house, batting a ball of yarn and purring in contentment. May don't you call your local Hysterectomy League? I'm sure they'll be able to place it in a good home.

• • •

Dear Sybil:

Do you think it's fair for a boyfriend to date girls while he's going out with me. We've been engaged now for six years now and are planning to get married in October, yet he still runs around with girls.

Should I tell him to stop it or should I let him have his last fling?

Peter Smith

Dear Mr. Smith:

Make him stop or find yourself another man. That one's not worth it.

CONFIDENTIAL TO J.J.: XXXXXXXXKK and VVVVV. But if you DDDDD FFFF RRRR TTTTT, you might be pleasantly XXXXXXXX unless of course, she's a HHHHHH or a DDDDDD. It's always best to check her XXXXXXX before you HHHHH RRRR DDDDDDD LLLLLLLL.

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OLD LADIES' HOME IS BROTHEL FOR OLD MEN

Most of the neighbors around the Early Willow Rest Home for Elderly Women used to think it it was cute when old men came to visit the old ladies.

Then they found out that the rest home was really a brothel full of retired prostis who catered to old men.

According to the police, the brothel had been the ida of a one-time streetwalker, Harriet Ranerin, and she was the strong hand behind it.

"I first got the idea when I was tossed out of the brothel I was working because nobody wanted to go to bed with an old lady," she said.

"So I got together with a few other ex-prostis and we chipped in everything we had to buy this crumbling nursing home."

She added that after they purchased the nursing home, they threw out all the sick patients and passed the word along the prosti underground that the old ones always had a place to stay, to sleep and a few meals to eat.

"We had planned on keeping the house running by having everyone contributing what they could," she admitted, "but the cost of living kept going up and up and since a prostitute is seldom covered by a substantial retirement program, we had to do something.

"So we had to go back to the only thing we knew--prostitution.

"But we knew from experience that not too many men dug old ladies and we decided to concentrate on the old men's homes in the area.

"You see, there's a lot more to being a good prosti than just going to bed. A professional has to please a man in many ways and through years of experience, we know when to joke, when to be serious, what subjects to talk about with certain types of individuals and when to start making love.

"We counted on this experience with the old guys."

And it paid off.

Harriet said that on her first call to an old soldiers' home, she was almost attacked by the retired soldiers.

"I turned eight tricks in the solarium before I had a chance to tell the men that I had a whole house full of women for their pleasure," she laughed.

"And when I got that across, they all took off in such a rush, all I saw was wrinkled skin and varicose veins running by. It was like a prune stampede."

From there, she built a huge clientele and within months, the Early Willow Home was bringing in some $256,000 a week.

"We invested a lot of the money in equipment," Harriet said. "There were heart stimulators near all the beds as well as cardiographs for every floor. We also had the best medical help available and free drugs for anyone who needed them."

But the police became suspicious of the home when a neighbor complained that two old men chased her down the street, offering her money to go to bed with them.

NOPUTON SPECIAL

PIX

NOBODY KNOWS what started this street fight in Rio De Janeiro, but not too many men volunteered to break it up.

Tired Of The Discrimination . . .

STORE WINDOW DUMMIES START THEIR OWN TOWN

Effigyville looks like any other small town in America, but it is really different.

The entire town is populated by store window dummies who left their homes to start life anew because they couldn't stand the constant discrimination.

The town is in Alabama and its main businesses are a printing plant and a dummy hospital for repairing and refurbishing store window dummies who don't live in the area.

And it is the idea of an ex-Macy dummy, Sam Icon.

"For years, I used to dream of living in an area where people weren't prejudiced against my kind," he said, "and whenever I mentioned my dream to my fellow dummies, they all agreed that it would be nice to have our own town.

"Then I happened to read where some land was for sale in Alabama and I decided to try and buy some.

"Figuring that they wouldn't sell to me if they knew I was a manikin, several dummies and myself set up a phony corporation staffed by humans, and they purchased the land in small lots over a period of six years.

"When we figured we had enough land, we quit our jobs and moved here.

"The word was passed about Effigyville and soon, dummies from all over the country were migrating to our town.

"So now our present population is around 400,000 and growing every year."

THE ENTIRE TOWN turned out to watch their home team, The Effigies, beat the New York Mets in an exhibition baseball game.

Icon said that the main business, the printing plant, is expanding beyond their wildest hopes.

"We don't eat," he said, "and because of that, we save a lot of money. This means we can work cheaper than humans and thusly, charge lower prices.

"We've landed some huge accounts from all over the world and our reputation for cheap prices for quality work is growing rapidly."

He also mentioned the town's hospital and Dr. Salvi Fantocine, head of the clinic, said that the hospital was paying for itself within three days after it opened.

"This reason for this is simple," he said, "who knows more about fixing store window dummies than store window dummies.

"We have that empathy that is so lacking in other dummy repair shops and because the dummy recuperates among his own kind, the repairs go much faster than if he had to remain among humans.

"In fact, our biggest problem is discharging the patients.

"After they see how we live and function, many of them don't want to go back to their owners, but to avoid legal problems, we have to ship them back.

"Of course, we tell them that if they were to leave from their store windows and come back here, there was nothing we could do about it."

Icon then went into the prejudice a store window dummy faces throughout his entire life.

"First of all, we are always the last ones hired and the first ones fired," he said. "And whenever a store wants to cut expenses, they burn one of us instead of getting rid of some of those terrible salesmen they have.

"The hours we have to work are slave hours. Who do you know works 24 hours a day, months at a time without any rest?

"And when we tried to form a union, the store owners laughed at us and said, 'You didn't have any rights, no how, no way.'

"What else was there for us but to start our own town and try to live like normal dummies?"

But Icon did say there were many problems.

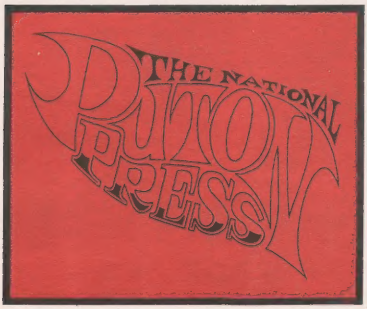
"Many of the people come from small stores where there were only one or two manikins, and they are afraid of so many dummies all at once," he said.

"But they usually get used to it and eventually become quite outgoing.

"However, our biggest problem right now is some black dummies that came here from Harlem.

"They aren't like the rest of us and we're afraid that they may cause a drop in land values if they stay here.

"Otherwise, everything in Effigyville is just ersatz."



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